

THE INTELLIGENCER

ESTABLISHED 1860.

Published every morning except Monday by The Anderson Intelligencer at 140 West Whitner Street, Anderson, S. C.

SEMI-WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER Published Tuesdays and Fridays

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Entered as second-class matter April 28, 1914, at the post office at Anderson, South Carolina, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

ASSOCIATED PRESS DISPATCHES

Telephone 321

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Table with 2 columns: Period (One Year, Six Months, Three Months, One Month, One Week) and Rate (\$5.00, 2.50, 1.25, .42, .10)

Table with 2 columns: Period (One Year, Six Months) and Rate (\$1.50, .75)

The Intelligencer is delivered by carriers in the city.

Look at the printed label on your paper. The date thereon shows when the subscription expires.

Subscribers desiring the address of their paper changed, will please state in their communication both the old and new addresses.

To insure prompt delivery, complaints of non-delivery in the city of Anderson should be made to the Circulation Department before 9 a. m. and a copy will be sent at once.

All checks and drafts should be drawn to The Anderson Intelligencer.

ADVERTISING

Rates will be furnished on application. No advertising discontinued except on written order.

The Intelligencer will publish brief and rational letters on subjects of general interest when they are accompanied by the names and addresses of the authors and are not of a defamatory nature.

In order to avoid delays on account of personal absence, letters to the Intelligencer intended for publication should not be addressed to any individual connected with the paper, but simply to The Intelligencer.

SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1915.

WEATHER FORECAST

Generally fair Saturday and Sunday.

A pleasing character—\$

Will you receive a Ford dividend?

Brother, do you hear the mountains calling?

Not long until coattail swinging will come into its own again.

Mexico is Grappling With Money Shortage.—Headline. Shake, Mex!

Mercury Said 96.72 Yesterday.—Headline. But what did you say?

Great is Josephus Daniels, the discoverer of the Wizard of West Orange, N. J.

It's about time for that report about the Sultan being dead to be denied.

A Booze Bubble Hits Greenville.—Headline. Was us away with a beer foam.

Now that the Germans have taken Przasnysz we hope they will keep it out of the dispatches.

Thaw is out of the way but we still have the scrap of the Sinclairs going on down in Gulfport, Miss.

York county has a new courthouse. May the York News and the Yorkville Enquirer never be hauled up before the bar thereof.

The fight that for ill-disguised reasons has been waged on Mr. Manning by his enemies is reacting and he is becoming stronger. The more the people know him, the more they will respect him.—Columbia Record.

Some folks think a newspaper isn't standing for anything unless it is all the time lambasting somebody or something and butting its brains out against a wall trying to "reform" things and readjust the universe.

Nearly 20,000 former inmates of British reformatories have joined the British army since the war started, and almost without exception have made useful and honorable soldiers. When "enemies of society" return so readily to the defense of society, it must be admitted either that they were not really bad after all, or that war has a powerful reformative tendency in such cases.

A STATES "FIRST CITIZEN."

It is something new in the annals of fame when an entomologist is singled out as the most distinguished citizen of a great commonwealth. Such a fate has suddenly befallen Prof. Lawrence Bruner of the University of Nebraska.

This unassuming scientist was chosen by a special committee appointed by the governor. The committee was composed of typical Nebraskans, who are a hard-headed, practical people, and who know that in that State agriculture is more important than anything else, and that the man who does the most for the crops is the State's greatest benefactor.

It would be impossible to estimate the millions of dollars that Prof. Bruner has saved Nebraska and other States and other countries. When the voracious chinch bug was destroying the crops like an Egyptian plague, the professor searched through the insect creation until he found a parasite that preyed upon the chinch, and by introducing it into the fields he saved the crops that year and taught every-body how to save them thereafter.

When the wheat crop of Argentina was being eaten up by locusts in 1888, the government sent for Bruner, and he went there and saved the crop, and fought the locusts so effectively that they have never bothered the country since. These are merely two examples of what Prof. Bruner has been doing for many years.

Public opinion nearly everywhere is likely to support such a choice, just as public opinion in almost unanimous in pronouncing Thomas A. Edison the first citizen of the United States. It is the creative, productive work that counts most—the work that adds to the sum of wealth, that makes the necessities and comforts of life more easily obtainable, that lessens the amount of effort required to obtain results, and leaves people with more leisure and energy for the real enjoyments of life.

"ANTI-ENLISTMENT."

An eastern organization calling itself the "Anti-enlistment League" is pledging young men never, under any circumstances, to join the army or navy. It is naturally arousing a storm of criticism, which doesn't all, by any means, come from jingoes or militarists.

It seems strange that any American, knowing American history and supposedly animated by American traditions, could deliberately take such a pledge. We are a peaceful nation, but we have never been so obsessed with the idea of peace that we were willing to swear that we would never fight under any provocation whatsoever.

If such a doctrine had prevailed in 1776, there would have been no Declaration of Independence, and no United States of America. If it had prevailed in 1812, we should have submitted tamely to Great Britain's aggressions and been permanently deprived of the freedom of the sea.

There are two kinds of war—aggressive and defensive. No great nation has ever repudiated the latter. Even China does not object on principle to defending herself. The doctrine of turning the other cheek may work for individuals, in a civilized society, but the behavior of nations toward each other is still so barbarous that no country pledged to tame submission could preserve its independence.

If we ever go to war again, it will be in honest self-defense. We shall then need soldiers, not peace orators. Any man who disqualifies himself now from doing his duty in such a time of need as doing a shameful and unpatriotic thing. What we need is men willing and eager to enlist—and just as eager to preserve peace after enlisting.

BROWN SWEETS FOR BROWN BROTHERS.

The Chicago chocolate drop industry has been given a big boost by the

European war. Our friends the Filipinos, it seems, have a deep-seated and ineradicable craving for the rich brown sweets. Germany used to minister to this demand, but war has interfered with the continuance of the traffic. Manila, which is the principal port of entry for chocolate, sent an appeal to Uncle Sam to help out and Chicago responded with a consignment of 1,800,000 chocolate drops which has just started on its westward way, with the promise of more to follow.

Chocolate is the best and most harmless "pick-up" known to a stimulant-loving world. Somehow that cargo of candy gives one a new respect for the Filipino as well as a sort of brotherly feeling—or should one say sisterly—for the little brown lovers of America's favorite little brown sweets.

And after several barbers have installed periscopes by means of which barbered citizens may view the moving traffic outside, who will be the barber to set up a moving picture outfit which throws the modern drama upon the ceiling?

"Have Women Come to Stay?" is the caption placed by a New York editorial writer over a discussion of the entrance of women into Russian munition factories and their unexpected efficiency there. We don't know much about the Russian munition-making ladies, but we must say any time the women decide not to stay in our part of the country, we hope we may move to a better land!

It is suggested that if Germany persists in refusing to make amends for murdering the Americans on the Lusitania, and deliberately drives us to extreme measures, there is a simple and easy way of forcing reparation. There are about \$100,000,000 worth of German steamships lying in American harbors. We could seize and sell them, and compensate the families of the victims with the proceeds.

A LINE OF DOPE

Mr. J. P. Timms, formerly of this county but now residing near Hardmont, Ga., was a business visitor in the city yesterday. He came over for the purpose of purchasing a gasoline engine and a wood saw from the Anderson Machine and Foundry company, intending to use this equipment in the sawing of wood for market.

Mr. O. M. Heard, who is as good at raising Elberta peaches as he is directing a Methodist Sunday school (and that is where he is expected) stated yesterday that his fine Elberta peaches will be ready for the market about the last of next week. He has already sold a quantity of peaches of other varieties, and some of them are as fine as any ever seen about here.

Acting Private A. R. Jaynes of the city police force has a house full of company this week. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Jenkins and Miss Etta and Mr. Dewitt Jenkins, all of Atlanta, being his guests. Mrs. Jenkins is Mr. Jaynes' daughter and is pleasantly remembered in Anderson by a wide circle of friends.

It is doubtful if anybody in Anderson is sleeping any cooler these hot nights than Mr. B. B. Blockley, who lately established himself in his handsome new home east of the city. "My house is located out there on a hill," he told a reporter for The Intelligencer yesterday, "and if there is a breeze stirring anywhere I am sure to rest it. We have not suffered in the slightest from the present warm weather, as the nights are delightful out at my place."

The Rev. Graves Knight, of Graniteville, who is a trustee of the Anderson College, Mrs. Knight, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Owings and their two daughters and sons, of Laurens, were visitors in the city yesterday. Mr. and Mrs. Owings were here for the purpose of looking over the college plant and are considering sending their daughters there this fall. Mr. Knight, being a trustee of the institution, was of course, also interested in looking over the college property. The party motored through the country from Laurens. All are well and favorably known in Anderson, and during their stay here were greeted by a number of their friends and acquaintances.

Four thousand bushels sounds like a whole lot of anything that is meas-

ured according to this standard, but when it comes to oats raised on a farm not a thousand miles from here it is really a whole lot. Getting down to the bone of the matter, a visitor in the city yesterday from Heardmont, Ga., stated that Sam Orr, an Anderson boy who is farming near Heardmont, will harvest something like 4,000 bushels of oats this year. The visitor stated that Mr. Orr has already harvested his wheat, and had a vast quantity of it, which was as fine as any he had ever seen. Incidentally, he stated that Mr. Orr had one of the finest farms to be seen in that part of the country and all of his crops are looking bully.

The Union Gospel Missionary Workers is the name of band of strangers who are holding services about the streets just now. One of the band yesterday handed The Intelligencer a statement reading as follows: Rev. George H. Messenger, our district superintendent of the Union Gospel of Missionary Workers, has opened an office at No. 111 South McDuffie street. We will hold gospel meetings in all parts of the city. This work is to rescue all unsave people outside of the Christian churches. Tracts and gospel papers will be thrown all over the city. Rev. F. M. Cook and wife, workers in charge. "The Intelligencer knows nothing about these people or their teachers, and their notice is printed merely for what it is worth as an item of news."

Friends in Anderson of Col. John C. Calhoun, of New York City, will be interested in the report that his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Mabel Snyder Calhoun, has brought suit against him for \$100,000 for alienation of her husband's affections and also suit against her young husband for separation, alimony and a whole lot of other things. The Atlanta Georgian of yesterday carried the following account of the affair, together with a large photo of the young Mrs. Calhoun, a dashing looking young woman:

"The John C. Calhoun family, as well known in Atlanta as it is in South Carolina and the neighborhood of Broad and Wall streets, New York, has come another matrimonial cropper.

"This time it is James C. who is in the divorce court. His wife is bluer-eyed and golden-haired, and has the other qualifications which go to make a stunning show girl, the which she was in Zeigfeld's Follies. Her name was Mabel, yes, Mabel Snyder.

"Mrs. Mabel Snyder Calhoun is suing her husband for separation and incidentally \$200 a week alimony; to say nothing of several thousand dollars attorney's fee. She is also suing her father-in-law, John Caldwell Calhoun, for \$100,000 for alienation of her husband's affections.

"It was a stage girl and that was too much for John C. Calhoun, my father-in-law," says Mabel. "He couldn't bear to have it said his son married an actress. That's the sum and substance of it. My, are actresses so dreadful? Really, he'd never recognize me as a member of the family.

"Young Calhoun's father is a wealthy financier who has accumulated a fortune in railroad promotion in the South, a grandson of John Caldwell Calhoun, once vice president of the United States, and a brother of Patrick Calhoun, once a noted figure in Atlanta, and later in San Francisco. He married Linnie Adams, grandniece of Richard M. Johnson, also a former vice president of the United States. He served through the Civil War and afterward became a planter and financier. He was a special ambassador to France in 1897 and has acted as president and director of many Southern railroads.

"Atlantans still remember the marriage of another of the younger Calhoun here. John C. Calhoun, Jr., wedded the beautiful Mamie Martin at midnight at the Georgia Terrace hotel in November, 1913. A year later he started action against her, alleging that she had neglected to get a divorce from one Benjamin Everett Irwin of Louisville.

While in the city yesterday Chief Behrens stated that he had not been in Anderson since six years ago when the State Firemen's association and firemen's tournament was held here, and that on all sides he saw improvements in both buildings and streets. He stated that the business section had spread out considerably and that there was much more property to be destroyed by fire. He said that Anderson ought to have more firemen and an engine to give more pressure.

It seems there will never be any way ascertaining just how much good resulted from the recent revival meeting conducted here by the Rev. Baxter McLendon. Express Agent Johnson came up yesterday with a brand new incident which goes to show that the evangelist did a whole lot of good. Mr. Johnson said that he overheard a group of negroes discussing the meeting and one of them said, "Dat preacher sho me doin some good heah, cause I seed Mister O. A. Anderson gwine out ter meetin' an when yer git him out to meetin yer sho am going some."

There have been so many calls for the full facts of the recent shooting of a negro at Hones Path by Mr. Frank Hudgens, The Intelligencer has procured a copy of the testimony adduced at the coroner's inquest and prints it in full below for the enlightenment of those interested in the matter: State of South Carolina, County of Anderson, Inquest over the dead body of Arthur Burts. Inquest held this 9th day of July, 1915, over the dead body of Arthur Burts by L. M. Wilson, magistrate acting coroner, the following jury being summoned and sworn, viz: W. T. Kay and A. M. Graham, Kelly Trahanam, M. B. Dunlap, A. L. Brown, J. L. Traynham, W. C. Sharpe, W. C. Black, P. C. Greer, W. H. Latimer, B. C. Ballentine, W. M. Wood, being selected as foreman. Dr. E. R. Donald sworn says:

Take a Peep at These Special Offerings

Special Ties Today Only.

A sparkling new assortment of De Joinville ties. Fast colors and very attractive designs; ties made to sell at 25c.

You'll be interested in buying quite a lot of them when you see the quality. Priced special, for today only, at 2 for25c

All Straw Hats Reduced.

Table with 2 columns: Item (\$2.50 and \$2 Straws, \$3.00 Straws, \$4.00 Straws, \$5.00 Panamas, \$3.50 Bankoks) and Price (\$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.75, \$2.50)

Saturday Only Sock Sale.

We place on sale this morning about 52 dozen hose taken from our regular stock. A quality we've never offered before for less than 35c, 3 for \$1.

They're in all the seasons most popular shades and are very desirable for their lightness, lustre and wearing qualities. Special, today only25c

Special Lot of Hanans.

Interest still runs high in this sale of odd lots of Hanan Oxfords. There are still a good many pairs of the \$6 and \$5.50 Oxfords to clear out at \$3.95

B. O. Evans & Co. SPOT CASH CLOTHIERS "The Store with a Conscience"

Thaw's "Hypnotic Stare," and Its Victim.



Harry Thaw, Staring.

Dr. Austin Flint, Alienist.

Harry Thaw, has been in the public eye for nearly nine years, and it has just been discovered that he has such a "hypnotic stare," that he will actually try to hypnotize a witness on the stand—and above all an insanity expert, who is supposed to be a past master of anything like "hypnotic stares."

Dr. Austin Flint, the dignified and impressive expert, who for many years and in many courts has testified that Thaw was insane and has thus helped keep the man who killed Stanford White in an asylum, started court and jury the other day in New York, where Thaw was on trial for his sanity, when he gravely announced that Thaw had tried to hypnotize him.

Dr. Flint was on the stand when John B. Stanchfield put the following question to him:

"In view of Thaw's behavior in the court room you have to admit, don't you, that he's a perfectly normal man?"

"No I wouldn't."

"What single abnormal thing has he done in the court room?"

"Well, I don't consider his attempt to hypnotize me in court a normal thing."

"What do you mean by his attempt to hypnotize you?"

"He stood there and looked at me for fifteen minutes with the intention of hypnotizing me. I've seen hypnotists at work. He's tried it repeatedly."

calmed down so as to hear what might be said.

"Do you mean to say," asked the justice, "that you seriously think Thaw tried to hypnotize you?"

"I certainly do," answered Dr. Flint. "It's in the testimony, I think, that Thaw took lessons in hypnotism."

When Thaw was asked what success he had ever had in hypnotizing any one he said:

"I don't know what he is talking about. I never took lessons in hypnotism in my life. I've never looked at Dr. Flint for more than three minutes at a time."

"Gee!" Thaw exclaimed later, "If I said anything like that on the witness stand they's keep me in a bug house for a hundred years."

Is Your Drinking Water Pure? Is the water in your well pure? If you had typhoid last year it will pay you to have the doctor send a bottle of it to the state board of health to be examined.

Have your well enclosed, if you possibly can. Remember that most of the typhoid-bearing water comes from springs and open wells.

If you are not sure of the water, boil it. It is a great trouble but it is easier than caring for a typhoid patient. The unpalatable taste of boiled water is due to the fact that the boiling drives the air out on the water. Unless you have some perfectly clean fly-proof wide-mouth vessel to let the water stand in, pour it from one pitcher to another from a height that it may retain its air.—The Progressive Farmer.